

Enter at your own risk by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: Jonathan cares for Nancy during her period.

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It's Mike who opens the front door.

"Oh, hey," the younger boy looks a bit surprised to see him, which is strange considering the amount of time he's spent with Nancy at her house recently.

"Hey," he answers, stepping over the threshold.

"Uh, she's up in her room. Enter at your own risk. I wouldn't if I were you."

"What?" He questions but Mike's already slipped away to the basement.

He sees Mr. Wheeler in the living room and gives an awkward nod. Having already noticed the car missing in the driveway he surmises that Mrs. Wheeler is out. He tries to make sense of what Mike said as he climbs the stairs. He'd seen Nancy at school yesterday but they hadn't talked since. Today Eric had wanted to switch shifts again and he immediately agreed and went off to see his girlfriend.

He knocks on her door.

"I'll kill you Mike," she growls from the inside.

"Uh, it's me," he lets her know.

"Oh," her tone changes.

"Can I come in?"

"Uh, if you want to..." she sounds tired and somehow off. He gently opens the door.

She's lying on her side on the bed halfway under the covers, knees drawn up.

"Hey, are you okay?" He crouches down next to her, gently tucking the hair that keeps falling over her face behind her ear.

"Yeah I'm just... my period..." she mumbles.

"Oh. How are you feeling?"

"Wishing I was dead."

"Sorry. Can I help? Do you need anything?"

"No..." she starts but then sighs. "Well, uh... more tampons, actually. But you don't."

"No I'll get it. Anything else?"

"Didn't you have work tonight?"

"Eric wanted to switch shifts."

"Oh. Now I hate this even more..."

"It'll be alright. So, need anything else? Chocolate? Candy? Sugar in general?"

"Yes. To all."

"Okay," he smiles softly.

Groaning, she shifts in bed.

"Ugh, I have to go to the bathroom."

"Here," he gives her a hand out of bed and she slowly gets to her feet. She leans into his side as they make the short trek to her bathroom.

"Sorry I'm such a disgusting sweaty mess," she mumbles when they reach the door.

"Not possible for you to be," he plants a kiss on her clammy forehead. "Disgusting, that is. But I'll grant you a bit sweaty for the moment."

She snorts a little at his bad joke, which is all he hoped for. He glances at the near-empty box haphazardly discarded on the bathroom floor and makes a mental note of the brand, a different one than the kind his mother has sent him out to buy in the past.

"I'll be right back, see you soon," he parts with and she nods.

After getting the tampons and a bottle of Coca Cola he heads over to the candy aisle. He gets a bit of everything, but makes sure to stock up on Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, her favourite.

"Hey, Jonathan!" A familiar voice calls out. Looking further down the aisle he sees Dustin, in the midst of throwing an inordinate amount of Three Musketeers bars into Steve's basket.

"Hi."

"Hey man," Steve greets as they come over.

"Are you stocking up for an epic movie marathon too?" Dustin asks.

"What?"

"Can you believe Steve haven't seen ANY Star Wars movie?"

"Wow, really?"

Steve looks exasperated.

"I know, right! So I'm showing him all three tonight!"

"Can't believe you talked me into this," Steve notes dryly. "How are you, Jonathan?" He then asks.

"Good, good."

"So, what you got there?" Dustin cuts in, peering into his basket. "Oh, her time of the month?" He asks as he spies the tampons amongst all the candy, and waggles his eyebrows.

"Uh, yeah."

"Huh, good on you Byers. She didn't let me near her when she was..." Steve reflects and it feels horribly awkward for a moment.

"Well uh, I have to go, enjoy the movies," he quickly parts with and heads for the register.

"Oh, you again."

Once again it's Mike who answers the door.

"Yep."

Mike looks at the bag in his hand, rolls his eyes and once again runs off to the basement. Mr. Wheeler doesn't appear to have moved from his spot since he entered last time. He climbs the stairs again and knocks on her door.

"Come in."

She's lying in bed again, now on her back. She props herself up on an elbow when he enters.

"Hey."

"Hey," she smiles.

He takes out the tampons and the Coke bottle and puts them on her bedside table.

"Thanks," she says before snagging the bag and peering inside. "Thanks a lot," she adds and pours the candy out on to the bed.

"No problem. Need anything else?"

"No just... stay? If you want to, I mean. I've missed you."

"Of course," he smiles and sits himself down next to her in bed with his back against the headboard. She nestles into his side and he puts an arm around her. She peels the wrapper of a peanut butter cup and puts it in her mouth before offering him a Twizzler, his favourite.

"Thanks."

"Tell me something funny."

"Dustin's forcing Steve to watch all Star Wars movies tonight."

"What?" She chuckles lightly.

"Yeah I bumped into them at the store. Apparently Steve haven't seen any of it."

"Wow. Remember when we took the boys to see the second one when it came out?"

"Yeah. Will dragged me along. I was petrified, I wouldn't have said a word to you."

"Aw."

"But then you went up to me at the concession stand and professed your love for these," he says and hold up another peanut butter cup.

"Yep," she snags it from him and stuffs it in her mouth. "And I asked you what your favourite was, and you said Twizzlers."

"No, I'm pretty sure I said Tw-twi-twizzlers."

Her laughter's interrupted by a bad menstrual cramp. He holds her as she pushes her face into his shirt. When the pain has passed she slides down and puts her head in his lap. He strokes her hair.

And that's how the evening goes, talks about everything and nothing intermittently interrupted by cramps. He stays with her until she's fallen asleep and he's sure she's out for the night. He sets his alarm clock to ring early the next morning so he has time to make Will breakfast before going back to Nancy.